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The Masque of Psyche

WINIFRED AYRES HOPE

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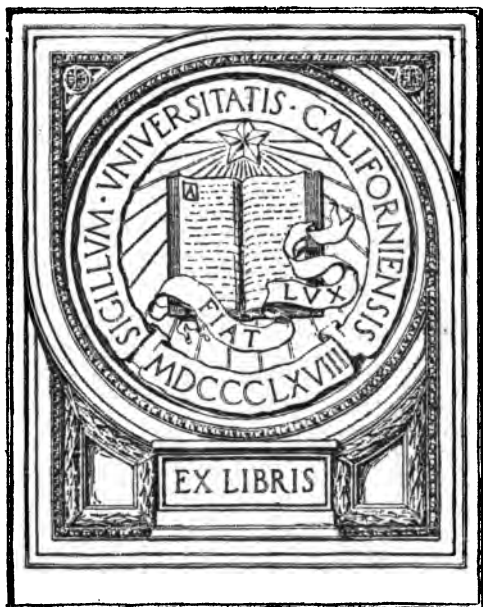


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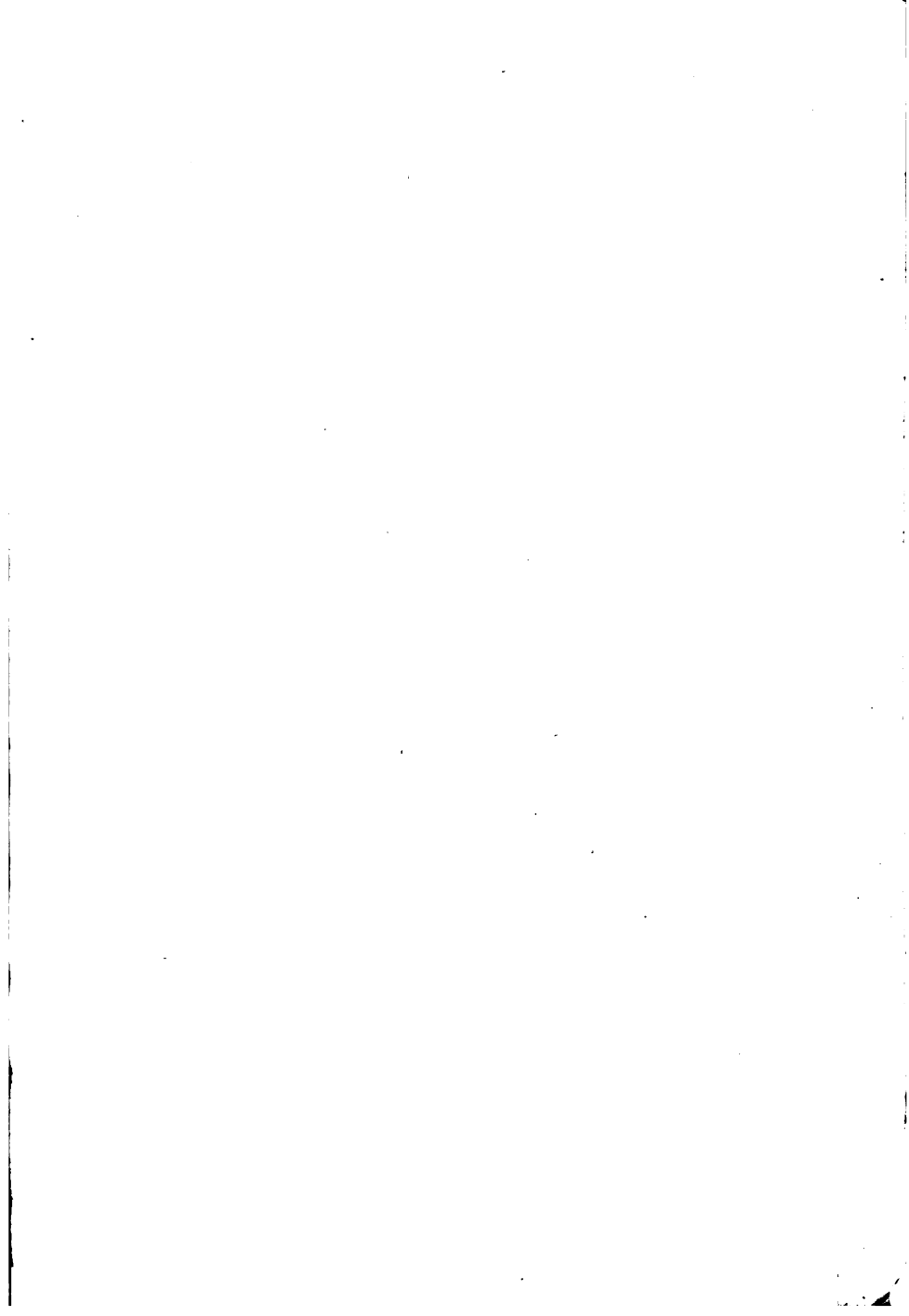
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THE MASQUE OF PSYCHE

OR

THE SEVEN AGES OF THE SOUL

**An Arrangement of Scenes from Seven
Shakespearean Plays**

BY

WINIFRED AYRES HOPE

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CHARACTERS IN THE MASQUE OF PSYCHE.

*Scene from Midsummer
Night's Dream;*

Bottom.
Quince.
Flute.
Snug.
Snout.
Titania.
Puck.

EPISODE I.

The Infant—Simplicity.

Scene from Twelfth Night;

Maria.
Sir Toby.
Sir Andrew.
The Clown.
Malvolio.

EPISODE II.

The Child—Exuberance.

Scene from As You Like It.

Rosalind.
Celia.
Orlando.

EPISODE III.

The Youth—Romance.

Scene from Henry Vth.

Henry.
Katharine.
Alice.

EPISODE IV.

The Youth—Enthusiasm.

Scene from Much Ado About

Nothing.
Beatrice.
Benedict.
Hero.
Claudio.
Leonato.
Don Pedro.

EPISODE V.

*The Cynic—World-weari-
ness.*

THE MASQUE OF PSYCHE.

Scene from Winter's Tale.

Hermione.

Leontes.

Paulina.

First Lord.

Officer.

Perdita.

Camillo.

EPISODE VI.

The Wrestler—Storm and Stress.

Scene from the Tempest.

Prospero.

Miranda.

Ferdinand.

Ariel.

Gonzalo.

Alonso.

EPISODE VII.

The Philosopher—Calm after Storm.

(Band of dancing nymphs of the sea.)

THE MASQUE OF PSYCHE

OR

THE SEVEN AGES OF THE SOUL

(Enter before the curtain, PSYCHE, who speaks the Prologue.)

PSYCHE.—

I am the soul of man, that Mystery unsolved,
Though ever pondered deeper as the ages pass :
The fond familiar I of subtle Hindu thought—
A concept shunned by warrior race and merchant
class :

But with the Greeks, whose hearts were tuned to
thrill

When Beauty sounded (be the medium mind,
Body or soul—the note was Beauty still—)

With these rare Greeks, the soul a God we find.

Psyche they called me, garlanded about

With myth and legend, breathing joy and woe,

Hope and despair, but blossoming at last

Into the bliss that souls immortal know.

Shakespeare, that poet-sage who read men's hearts,

Has drawn a picture of the life of man :

Seven steps that lead from vale to mountain-top,

And back to valley dim in one life's span.

So is man's life ; but I, the Soul, declare

That once I reach the towering mountain-crest

6: : THE MASQUE OF PSYCHE.

And drink the light, my feet refuse to tread
The downward path, and on the heights they rest.
Behold, I show seven stages of the soul,
Each picture drawn by Shakespeare's matchless
pen:

And as ye gaze, the meaning I unfold
In terms of soul-life granted mortal men.

I am that Ariadne's thread that guides
The Searcher, who would track unto his lair
The Monster who devours human hearts—
To some he leers as Ennui, some Despair.

The soul behold we first in Infancy
When clowns amuse and acrobats delight;
The artisans who play before the king
And show forth Thisbe's death (O woful sight!)—
These do I choose as type of primal soul:
How elemental they, in face of complex man!
Yet such the wonder of the human race
That chasms such as this it still can span!

*(Midsummer Night's Dream: Rehearsal scene.
ACT 1, SCENE 2; ACT 3, SCENE 1.)*

(Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE and SNORT.)

QUIN. Is all our company here?

BOT. You were best to call them generally, man
by man, according to the scrip.

QUIN. Here is the scroll of every man's name,
which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in
our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on
his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play
treats on; then read the names of the actors; and
so grow to a point.

QUIN. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable

Comedy, and most cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby.

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.

QUIN. Answer as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUIN. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUIN. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest.—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus, car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

QUIN. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLU. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLU. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUIN. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLU. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUIN. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOT. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: 'Thisne, Thisne;'—'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

QUIN. No, no; you must play Pyramus:—and Flute, you Thisby.

BOT. Well, proceed, Quin. Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You must play, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father.—Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

QUIN. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOT. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

QUIN. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely,

gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOT. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUIN. Why, what you will.

BOT. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

QUIN. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

BOT. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

QUIN. At the duke's oak we meet.

BOT. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. (*Exeunt*)

(SCENE 2. *The wood.* TITANIA *lying asleep.*)

(*Enter* QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.)

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince,—

QUIN. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

BOT. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion? I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living: and we ought to look to 't.

SNOUT. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—'Ladies,'—or, 'Fair ladies,—I would wish you,'—or, 'I would request you,'—or, 'I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things,—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNOUT. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUIN. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then may you have a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.—Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

(Enter PUCK behind.)

PUCK.—

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

BOT. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

QUIN. Odours, odours.

BOT. —odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

(*Exit.*)

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! (*Exit*)

FLU. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLU.—

Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUIN. 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

FLU.—

O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

(*Re-enter* PUCK, and BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*)

BOT. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

(*Exeunt* QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.)

PUCK.—

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and
burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

(*Exit.*)

BOT. Why do they run away? this is a knavery
of them to make me afeard.

(*Re-enter* SNOUT.)

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I
see on thee?

BOT. What do you see? you see an ass-head of
your own, do you? (*Exit* SNOUT) /

(*Re-enter* QUINCE.)

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art
translated. (*Exit*)

BOT. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass
of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not
stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk
up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall
hear I am not afraid. (*Sings*)

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,—

TITA. (*Awaking*)

What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

BOT. (*Sings*)

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

TITA.—

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee upon occasion.

TITA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOT. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TITA.—

Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—

(TITANIA *leads* BOTTOM *out*.)

CURTAIN.

PSYCHE.—

The second stage, the childhood of the soul:
The inarticulate gurgles of delight
Of infancy give place to merry laughter,
For care-free mirth makes all life's path-way bright.
O happy ye, who deal with little children!
Bethink ye, childhood vanishes so soon;
Let those brief years be precious to remember——
The children's sun should ever be at noon!
For thoughtless, child-like, rollicking carousal,
I summon forth from "Twelfth Night" prankish
 knaves,
To play again for us their merry-making,
To dance their capers, and to trill their staves.

(Merry-making scene from "Twelfth Night:)"

(ACT I, SCENE 3, ACT 2, SCENE 4.)

(SCENE I. OLIVIA'S house.)

(Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.)

SIR TO. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MAR. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TO. Why, let her except before excepted.

MAR. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TO. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a fool-

ish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TO. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR TO. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to the purpose?

SIR TO. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MAR. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TO. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MAR. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TO. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MAR. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TO. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystroll that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench!—Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

(Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.)

SIR AND. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TO. Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR AND. Bless you, fair shrew.

MAR. And you too, sir.

SIR TO. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR AND. What's that?

SIR TO. My niece's chambermaid.

SIR AND. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MAR. My name is Mary, sir.

SIR AND. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

SIR TO. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR AND. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

MAR. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TO. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

SIR AND. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MAR. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR AND. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

MAR. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR AND. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

MAR. It's dry, sir.

SIR AND. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MAR. A dry jest, sir.

SIR AND. Are you full of them?

MAR. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. (*Exit*)

SIR TO. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary! when did I see thee so put down?

SIR AND. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary

man has ; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TO. No question.

SIR AND. An I thought that, I 'ld forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TO. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR AND. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting! O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TO. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR AND. Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TO. Past question ; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR AND. But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not?

SIR TO. Excellant ; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

SIR AND. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen ; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me : the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TO. She'll none o' the count : she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit ; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR AND. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world ; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TO. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR AND. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters ; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TO. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR AND. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TO. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

SIR AND. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TO. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR AND. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TO. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

SIR AND. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

SIR TO. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher! ha, ha! excellent! Approach, Sir Andrew; not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TO. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR AND. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TO. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

(*Enter CLOWN.*)

SIR AND. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLO. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

SIR TO. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR AND. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has.—In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

CLO. I did impetecos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR AND. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TO. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

CLO. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TO. A love-song, a love-song.

SIR AND. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

CLO. (*Sings*)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR AND. Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TO. Good, good.

CLO. (*Sings*)

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR AND.—

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TO. A contagious breath.

SIR AND. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TO. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

SIR AND. An you love me, let's do it: I am dog at a catch.

CLO. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR AND. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

CLO. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

SIR AND. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

CLO. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR AND. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. (*Catch sung*)

(*Enter MARIA.*)

MAR. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TO. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady! (*Sings*) 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

CLO. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR AND. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TO. (*Sings*) 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

MAR. For the love o' God, peace!

(*Enter MALVOLIO.*)

MAL. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak our your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TO. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TO. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

MAR. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLO. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

MAL. Is 't even so?

SIR TO. 'But I will never die.'

CLO. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR TO. 'Shall I bid him go?'

CLO. 'What an if you do?'

SIR TO. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

CLO. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

SIR TO. Out o' tune, sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

CLO. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

SIR TO. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums.—A stoup of wine, Maria!

MAL. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. (*Exit*)

MAR. Go shake your ears.

SIR AND. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

SIR TO. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MAR. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

SIR TO. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MAR. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR AND. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

SIR TO. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR AND. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

MAR. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds

of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TO. What wilt thou do?

MAR. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TO. Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR AND. I have't in my nose too.

SIR TO. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

MAR. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR AND. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MAR. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR AND. O, 'twill be admirable!

MAR. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.
(Exit)

SIR TO. Good-night, Penthesilea.

SIR AND. Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TO. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

SIR AND. I was adored once too.

SIR TO. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR AND. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TO. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

SIR AND. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TO. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. (*Exeunt*)

CURTAIN.

PSYCHE.—

Youth and Romance walk shyly hand-in-hand,
Adown a flowery pathway all too brief:
Of all the wondrous lovers Shakespeare drew,
Orlando and his Rosalind are chief.
A wholesome, whole-souled love is that he pictures:
And to it still turn over-burdened men,
And weary women find in it refreshment;
"The whole world loves a lover" now, as then.

(ORLANDO and ROSALIND: "*As You Like It*," ACT 3, SCENE 2, SCENE 4, and ACT 4, SCENE 1.)

(SCENE I. *The forest.*)

(*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*)

ORL.—

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

(Exit.)

(Enter ROSALIND with a paper, reading.)

ROS.—

From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

ROS. Look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember,

CEL. Trow you who hath done this?

ROS. Is it a man?

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

ROS. I prithee, who?

CEL. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

ROS. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

ROS. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once,

or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROS. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking! speak sad brow and true maid.

CEL. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROS. Orlando?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CEL. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROS. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROS. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CEL. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

ROS. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CEL. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

CEL. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

(Enter ORLANDO.)

ROS. (*Aside to CELIA*) I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

ORL. Very well: what would you?

ROS. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORL. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

ROS. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORL. Who ambles time withal?

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROS. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL. Are you native of this place?

ROS. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROS. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

ORL. I prithee, recount some of them.

ROS. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Faith youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him,—that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me Rosalind—Come, sister, will you go? (*Exeunt*)

(SCENE 2. *The forest.*)

(*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*)

ROS. Never talk to me; I will weep.

CEL. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROS. But have I not cause to weep?

CEL. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CEL. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROS. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CEL. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROS. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CEL. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROS. Do you think so?

CEL. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROS. Not true in love?

CEL. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

ROS. You have heard him swear downright he was.

CEL. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a

lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

ROS. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was: I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CEL. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

(Enter ORLANDO.)

ORL. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

ROS. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings

his destiny with him ; he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORL. My Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Rosalind.

CEL. It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

ROS. Come, woo me, woo me ; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind ?

ORL. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first ; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit ; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied ?

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress ?

ROS. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORL. What, of my suit ?

ROS. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind ?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROS. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

ORL. Then in mine own person I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club ; yet he did wh.

he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROS. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What sayest thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

CEL. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when?

ORL. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROS. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORL. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

ROS. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

ORL. For ever and a day.

ROS. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and t'will out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'

ROS. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

ORL. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROS. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

ORL. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROS. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROS. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

ORL. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

ROS. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

(*Exit ORLANDO.*)

CEL. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

ROS. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CEL. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROS. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and

born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

CEL. And I'll sleep. (*Exeunt*)

CURTAIN.

PSYCHE.—

Close on Romance, Enthusiasm follows:
The youth sets out to carve his own career.
Three centuries ago he found in war-fare
His noblest field: a fitting picture here
Is Harry Hotspur: even as he woos
He's still the soldier—but he wins his Kate!
An thus the Doer, be it man or woman
Finds Love an ally for achievement great.

(*The Courting of Katharine of France:*)

(HENRY 5, ACT 5, SCENE 2.)

(HENRY, KATHARINE and ALICE.)

K. HEN.—

Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

KATH. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. HEN. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

KATH. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. HEN. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

KATH. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

ALICE. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. HEN. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

KATH. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. HEN. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

ALICE. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de princess.

K. HEN. The princess is the better English-woman.—I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you:' then if you urge me farther than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

KATH.—

Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. HEN. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me; for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a Jack-an-apes, never off.

But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater, a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon,—or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATH. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. HEN. No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

KATH. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. HEN. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French: which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French; I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATH. Sauf votre honneur, le François jue vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois le quel je parle.

K. HEN. No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

KATH. I cannot tell.

K. HEN. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constanti-nople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

KATH. I do not know dat.

K. HEN. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and

for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

KATH. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. HEN. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear; my comfort is that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, 'Harry of England, I am thine;' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

KATH. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. HEN. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

KATH. Den it sall also content me.

K. HEN. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

KATH. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez ! ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur ; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. HEN. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATH. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur nocés, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. HEN. Madame my interpreter, what says she ?

ALICE. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en English.

K. HEN. To kiss.

ALICE. Your majesty entendre better que moi.

K. HEN. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say ?

ALICE. Oui, vraiment.

K. HEN. O Kate, nice customs courtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate, and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults,—as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss : therefore, patiently and yielding. (*Kissing her*) You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate ; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council, and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your mother.

(*Enter the FRENCH QUEEN, MOTHER.*)

Q. ISA. God save your majesty ! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English ?

K. HEN. I would have her learn, my fair cousin,
how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.
I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Q. ISA.—

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! God speak this Amen!

CURTAIN.

ALL. Amen!

PSYCHE.—

The bravest warrior may meet a stronger foe
And creep, disheartened, from the well-fought field:
The rose of love may lose its scent and glow,
And faith, out-worn, may cease the soul to shield
Thus grows the Cynic in the heart of man;
The flood-tide ebbs, and leaves a stranded soul.
Yet Benedict, the Prince of Cynics, found
A woman's love to guide him from this shoal.

(BEATRICE and BENEDICT: "*Much Ado About Nothing*.")

(BENEDICT, BEATRICE, HERO, CLAUDIO, LEONATO,
DON PEDRO.)

BENE. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you
yet living?

BEAT. Is it possible disdain should die while she

hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

BENE. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

BEAT. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow.

BENE. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

BEAT. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

BENE. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEAT. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BENE. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

BEAT. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

(Exeunt all save BENEDICT and CLAUDIO.)

CLAUD. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

BENE. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

CLAUD. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

BENE. I can see yet without spectacles, and I

see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

CLAUD. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

BENE. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

D. PEDRO. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

CLAUD. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

BENE. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. PEDRO. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

BENE. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. PEDRO. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

BENE. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

D. PEDRO.—

Well, as time shall try:

‘In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.’

BENE. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull’s horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write ‘Here is good horse to hire,’ let them signify under my sign ‘Here you may see Benedick the married man.’

SCENE 2.

(SCENE I. *A hall in LEONATO’S house.*)

(*Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.*)

LEON. Was not Count John here at supper?

HERO. I saw him not.

BEAT. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

HERO. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

BEAT. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady’s eldest son, evermore tattling.

LEON. Then half Signior Benedict’s tongue in Count John’s mouth, and half Count John’s melancholy in Signior Benedict’s face——

BEAT. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a’ could get her good will.

LEON. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

BEAT. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which I am at him upon my knees every morning

and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face!

LEON. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

BEAT. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

LEON. Well, then, go you into hell?

BEAT. No, but to the gate; and here will the devil meet me, with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

ANT. (*To HERO*) Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

BEAT. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

LEON. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

BEAT. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none; Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

LEON. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

BEAT. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry: and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

LEON. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

BEAT. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

LEON. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. (*All put on their masks*)

(*A minuet is danced.*)

BEAT. Will you not tell me who told you so?

BENE. No, you shall pardon me.

BEAT. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BENE. Not now.

BEAT. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales':—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

BENE. What's he?

BEAT. I am sure you know him well enough.

BENE. Not I, believe me.

BEAT. Did he never make you laugh?

BENE. I pray you, what is he?

BEAT. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders. None but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

BENE. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

BEAT. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. (*Music*) We must follow the leaders.

BENE. In every good thing.

BEAT. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. (*BEATRICE goes*)

BENE. Count Claudio?

CLAUD. Yea, the same.

BENE. Come, will you go with me?

CLAUD. Whither?

BENE. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

CLAUD. I wish him joy of her.

BENE. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

CLAUD. I pray you, leave me.

BENE. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

CLAUD. If it will not be, I'll leave you. (*Exit*)

BENE. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yes, but so I am apt to do myself wrong. I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

(*Enter DON PEDRO.*)

D. PEDRO. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

BENE. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

D. PEDRO. Look, here she comes.

(*Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.*)

BENE. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. (*Exit*)

D. PEDRO. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedict.

BEAT. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his

single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

D. PEDRO. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEAT. Yea, my lord; I thank it poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that she is in his heart.

CLAUD. And so she doth, cousin.

BEAT. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes everyone to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. PEDRO. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

BEAT. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. PEDRO. Will you have me, lady?

BEAT. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. PEDRO. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

BEAT. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

LEON. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

BEAT. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your Grace's pardon. (*Exit*)

D. PEDRO. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

LEON. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. PEDRO. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEON. O, by no means : she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. PEDRO. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

LEON. O Lord ! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. PEDRO. I warrant thee, the time shall not go dully by us. I will undertake one of Hercules' labours ; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match ; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

LEON. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

CLAUD. And I, my lord.

D. PEDRO. And you too, gentle Hero ?

HERO. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. PEDRO. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him : he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick ; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer : his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE 3.

BENE. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

BEAT. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENE. I will not desire that.

BEAT. You have no reason; I do it freely.

BENE. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEAT. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

BENE. Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEAT. A very even way, but no such friend.

BENE. May a man do it?

BEAT. It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENE. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

BEAT. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

BENE. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

BEAT. Do not swear, and eat it.

BENE. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

BEAT. Will you not eat your word?

BENE. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

BEAT. Why, then, God forgive me!

BENE. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

BEAT. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

BENE. And do it with all thy heart.

BEAT. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

BENE. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

BEAT. Kill Claudio.

BENE. Not for the wide world.

BEAT. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

BENE. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

BEAT. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you. Nay, I pray you, let me go.

BENE. Beatrice——

BEAT. In faith, I will go.

BENE. We'll be friends first.

BEAT. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

BENE. Is Claudio thine enemy?

BEAT. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishnooured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

BENE. Hear me, Beatrice——

BEAT. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

BENE. Beat——

BEAT. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

BENE. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

BEAT. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENE. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

BEAT. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

BENE. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go,

comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead: an so farewell. (*Exeunt.* SCENE 4. BENEDICT. *Enter* BEATRICE. BENEDICT:) Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

BEAT. Yea, Signoir, and depart when you bid me.

BENE. O, stay but till then!

BEAT. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

BENE. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEAT. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I wil depart unknissed.

BENE. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

BEAT. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

BENE. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

BEAT. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

BENE. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

BEAT. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

BENE. An old, old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

BEAT. How long is that, think you?

BENE. Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore it is expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet to his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

BEAT. Very ill.

BENE. And how do you?

BEAT. Very ill too.

BENE. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you to.

(SCENE V. BENEDICT, CLAUDIO, LEONTO, DON PEDRO, HERO *and* BEATRICE *masked*.)

BENE. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

BEAT. (*Unmasking*) I answer to that name. What is your will?

BENE. Do not you love me?

BEAT. Why, no; no more than reason.

BENE.—

Why, then your uncle and the prince and Claudio Have been deceived; they swore you did.

BEAT. Do not you love me?

BENE. Troth, no; no more than reason.

BEAT.—

Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

BENE. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

BEAT. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

BENE. 'Tis no such matter.—Then you do not love me?

BEAT. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

LEON. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

CLAUD.—

And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

HERO.—

And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

BENE. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

BEAT. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion,—and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

BENE. Peace! I will stop your mouth. (*Kissing her*)

D. PERO. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

BENE. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it,—for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like

to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

CLAUD. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which out of question, thou wilt be if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

BENE. Come, come, we are friends: let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our hearts and wives' heels.

LEON. We'll have dancing afterward.

BENE. First, of my word; therefore play, music.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn!—Strike up pipers.

PSYCHE.—

CURTAIN.

After life's high enthusiasm wanes,
The soul drifts close upon a mist-dimmed shore:
The golden apple, sought so eagerly,
Is plucked and found all rotten at the core.
The Cynic born of dis-illusionment
Drifts idly on upon this stagnant sea:
But some clear dawn, the heavy fog-bank lifts
And yawning reefs lie close upon the lea.
Utter destruction menaces the soul;
For very life it wrestles with despair:
Yet just beyond the cruel jagged reefs,
The Blessed Islands smile a welcome fair.
This storm and stress, the soul's stern heritage.
In "Winter's Tale", clear-painted we behold:
Its own black spots the soul must find and cleanse;
The white-hot furnace must refine the gold.

(SCENE from "*Winter's Tale*": ACT 5, SCENE 3,
ACT 3, SCENE 2.)

SCENE II. *A Court of Justice.*

(*Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.*)

LEON.—

This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart; the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

OFF.—

It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

(*Enter HERMIONE guarded; PAULINA and Ladies attending.*)

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFF. (*Reads*) Hermione, queen to the worthy
Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and
arraigned of high treason, in traitorous love with
Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with
Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign
lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence
whereof being by circumstances partly laid open,
thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance
of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for
their better safety, to fly away by night.

HER.—

Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot
me

To say 'not guilty;' mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine

Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life an honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare ; for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus : if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

LEON.—

I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first

HER.—

That's true enough ;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON.—

You will not own it.

HER.—

More than mistress of

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required.
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had
spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON.—

You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

HER.—

Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

LEON.—

Your actions are my dreams;
As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

HER.—

Sir, spare your threats;

The terror you would fright me with I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity:
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third com-
 fort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder; myself on every post
 Proclaim'd; lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not: no life,
 I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
 Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
 'Tis rigour and not law.—Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle;
 Apollo be my judge!

FIRST LORD.—

This your request
 Is altogether just; therefore bring forth.
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

(*Exit OFFICER.*)

HER.—

The Emperor of Russia was my father;
 O that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery,—yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

(*Re-enter OFFICER. OFFICER, The Oracle of
 Apollo.*)

LEON. Break up the seals and read.

OFF. (*Reads*) Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HER. Praised!

LEON. Hast thou read truth?

OFF.—

Ay, my lord; even so

As it here set down.

LEON.—

There is no truth at all i' the oracle:

The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

(*Enter SERVANT.*)

SERV. My lord the king, the king!

LEON. What is the business?

SERV. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

LEON. How! gone!

SERV. Is dead.

LEON.—

Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—(*HERMIONE faints*)
How now there!

PAUL.—

This news is mortal to the queen; look down
And see what death is doing.

LEON.—

Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.—
I have too much believed mine own suspicion.—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—

(*Exeunt PAULINE and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*)

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done. He, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

(*Re-enter PAULINE.*)

PAUL.—

Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

FIRST LORD.—

What fit is this, good lady?

PAUL.—

When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the
queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance
for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

FIRST LORD.—

The higher powers forbid!

PAUL.—

I say she's dead; I'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring

Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

LEON.—

Go on, go on!

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

FIRST LORD.—

Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

PAUL.—

I am sorry for 't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone and what's past
help

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

LEON.—

Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me

To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation; so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. (*Exeunt*)

(SCENE II. *A chapel in PAULINA'S house.*)

(*Enter LEONTES, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*)

LEON.—

O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

PAUL.—

What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home; but that you have vouch-
safed,
With your crown'd brother and these your con-
tracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace which never
My life may last to answer.

LEON.—

O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen; your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities, but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,—
The statue of her mother.

PAUL.—

As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,

Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is ; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death. Behold, and say 'tis well.

(PAULINA *draws a curtain, and discovers* HERMIONE
standing like a statue.)

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder : but yet speak ; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near ?

LEON.—

Her natural posture !—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione ; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

CAM.—

O, not by much.

PAUL.—

So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she lived now.

LEON.—

As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her !
I am ashamed ; does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it ?—O royal piece !
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance,

CAM.—

My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,

So many summers dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

PAUL.—

Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is
mine,—
I 'ld not have show'd it.

LEON.—

Do not draw the curtain.

PAUL.—

No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

LEON.—

Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those
veins
Did verily bear blood?

CAM.—

Masterly done ;
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEON.—

The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

PAUL.—

I'll draw the curtain ;
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

LEON.—

O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together !
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

PAUL.—

I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you ; but
I could afflict you farther.

LEON.—

Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her; what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

PAUL.—

Good my lord, forbear!
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

LEON.—

No, not these twenty years.

PAUL.—

Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.

LEON.—

What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

PAUL.—

It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEON.—

Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

PAUL.—

Music, awake her; strike!—(*Music*)
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach:
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,

I'll fill your grave up; stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs.

(HERMIONE comes down.)

Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

LEON.—

O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be lawful art

CAM.—

She embraces him.
She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Ay, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

PAUL.—

That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

HER.—

You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how
found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAUL.—

There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEON.—

O, peace, Paulina !
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife ; this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found
mine ;
But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo ;
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us.—Let's from this place.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. (*Exeunt*)
PSYCHE :—

CURTAIN.

The deadly secrets of the Labyrinth
The seeker finds in his own soul laid bare ;
The Minotaur, the Brute who lurks, well-hid
None but himself can track unto its lair.
Yet in the heart of him who wins the fight
The Peace that passeth understanding grows ;
Though doubt, despair, and faith again re-won
Is found that perfect Peace the great soul knows.

Behold in Prospero, the thinker, scholar
Waiting with placid heart whate'er befall
Knowing that joy or sorrow, fate or fortune,
The mind in his own place doth make them all.

(SCENE *from the Tempest.*)

(SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*)

(*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*)

FER.—

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injuncton: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such base-
ness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

(*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance,
unseen.*)

MIR.—

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

FER.—

O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIR.—

If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FER.—

No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIR.—

It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

PROS.—

Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

MIR.—

You look wearily.

FER.—

No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

MIR.—

Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

FER.—

Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any

With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

MIR.—

I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FER.—

I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery.

Hear my soul speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

MIR.—

Do you love me?

FER.—

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIR.—

I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

PROS.—

Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

FER.—

Wherefore weep you?

MIR.—

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FER.—

My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIR.—

My husband, then?

FER.—

Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIR.—

And mine, with my heart in't:

PROS.—

So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more.

PROS. (*Advancing*)

If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Of that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou

Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

FER.—

I do believe it.
Against an oracle.

PROS.—

Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter :
Sit, then, and talk with her ; she is thine own.—
Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow !

FER.—

I warrant you, sir ;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROS.—

Well.—
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !—
No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent. (*Soft music*)

ARI.—

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sledged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons ; Ariel does command :
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

(*Enter band of sea NYMPHS. Dance of the Nymphs.*)

PROS. (*Aside*)

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates

Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—(*To the SPIRITS*) Well done!
avoid; no more!

FER.—

This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIR.—

Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROS.—

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, ilke the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a term or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

FER. and MIR.—

We wish your peace. (*Exeunt*)

ACT V.

(*SCENE I. Before the cell of PROSPERO.*)

(*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*)

PROS.—

Now does my project gather to a head:

My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

ARI.

On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PROS.—

I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

ARI.—

Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gon-
zalo;'

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works 'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affectons
Would become tender.

PROS.—

Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARI.—

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROS.—

And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The solt drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARI.—

I'll fetch them, sir. (*Exit*)

PROS.—

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
grooves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. (*Solemn music*)

(*Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a
frantic gesturt, attended by GONZALO.*)

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
O good Gonzalo,

My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.—
I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—

GON.—

All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROS.—

Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALON.—

Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should

Prospero

Be living and be here?

PROS.—

First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

GON.—

Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROS.—

You do yet taste .

Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all!

ALON.—

If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROS.—

I am woe for't, sir.

ALON.—

Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

PROS.—

I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

ALON.—

You the like loss!

PROS.—

As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALON.—

A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

PROS.—

In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have

Been jostled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subject none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

(*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA
playing at chess.*)

MIR.—

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FER.—

No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

MIR.—

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

ALON.—

If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

GON.—

A most high miracle!

FER.—

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. (*Kneels*)

ALON.—

Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about!
 Arise and say how thou camest here.

MIR.—

O, wonder!
 How many goodly creatures are there here!
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
 That has such people it't!

PROS.—

'Tis new to thee.

ALON.—

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
 Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
 Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
 And brought us thus together?

FER.—

Sir, she is mortal;
 But by immortal Providence she's mine:
 I chose her when I could not ask my father
 For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
 Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
 Of whom so often I have heard renown,
 But never saw before; of whom I have
 Received a second life; and second father
 This lady makes him to me.

ALON.—

I am hers:
 But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
 Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROS.—

There, sir, stop:
 Let us not burthen our remembrances with
 A heaviness that's gone.

GON.—

I have inly wept,
 Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
 gods,
 And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
 For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
 Which brought us hither.

ALON.—

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

GON.—

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

ALON. (*To FERDINAND and MIRANDA*)

Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GON.—

Be it so! Amen!

PROS.—

Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALON.—

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROS.—

I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch

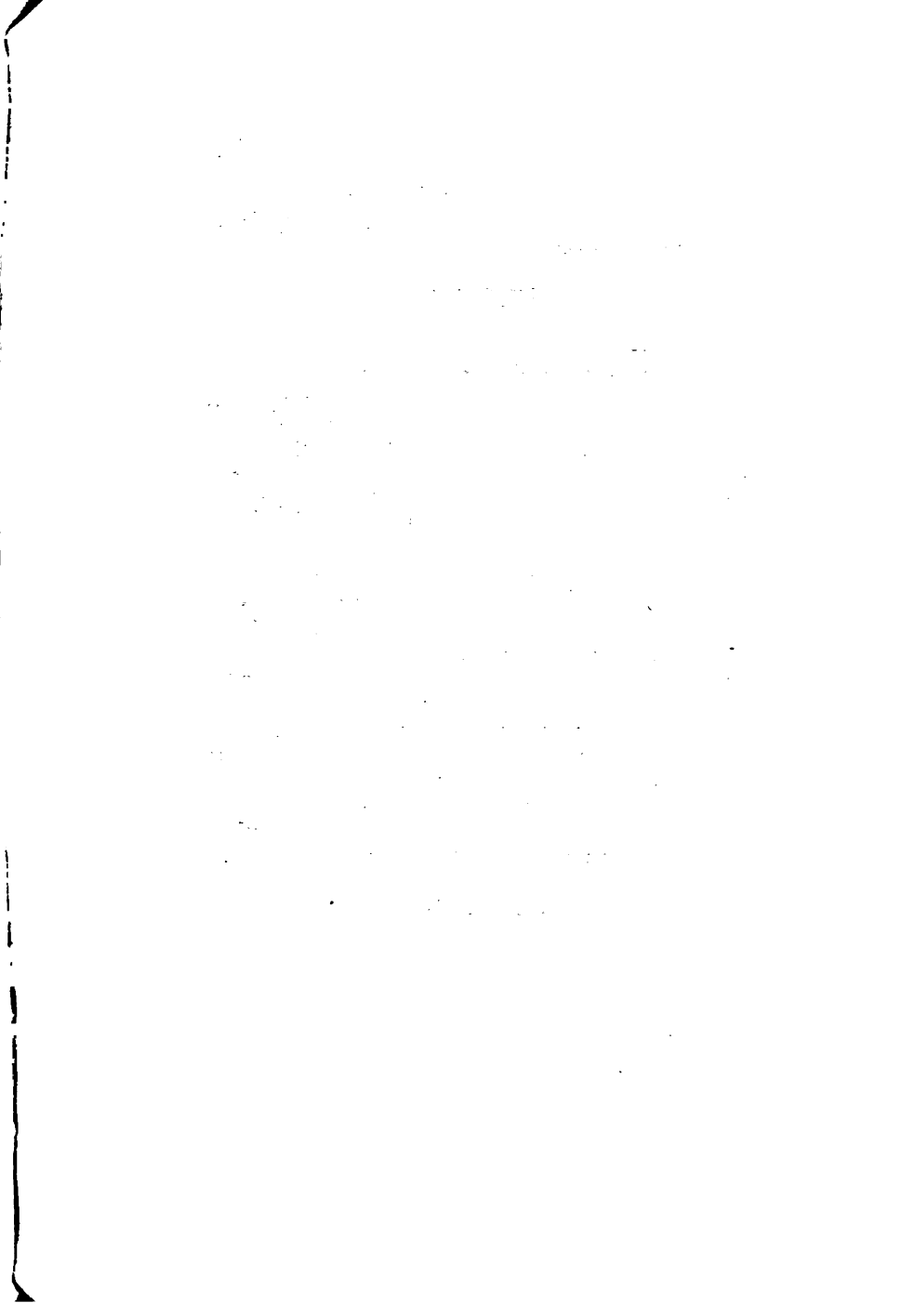
Your royal fleet far off.—(*Aside to ARIEL*) My
Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw
near. (*Exeunt*)

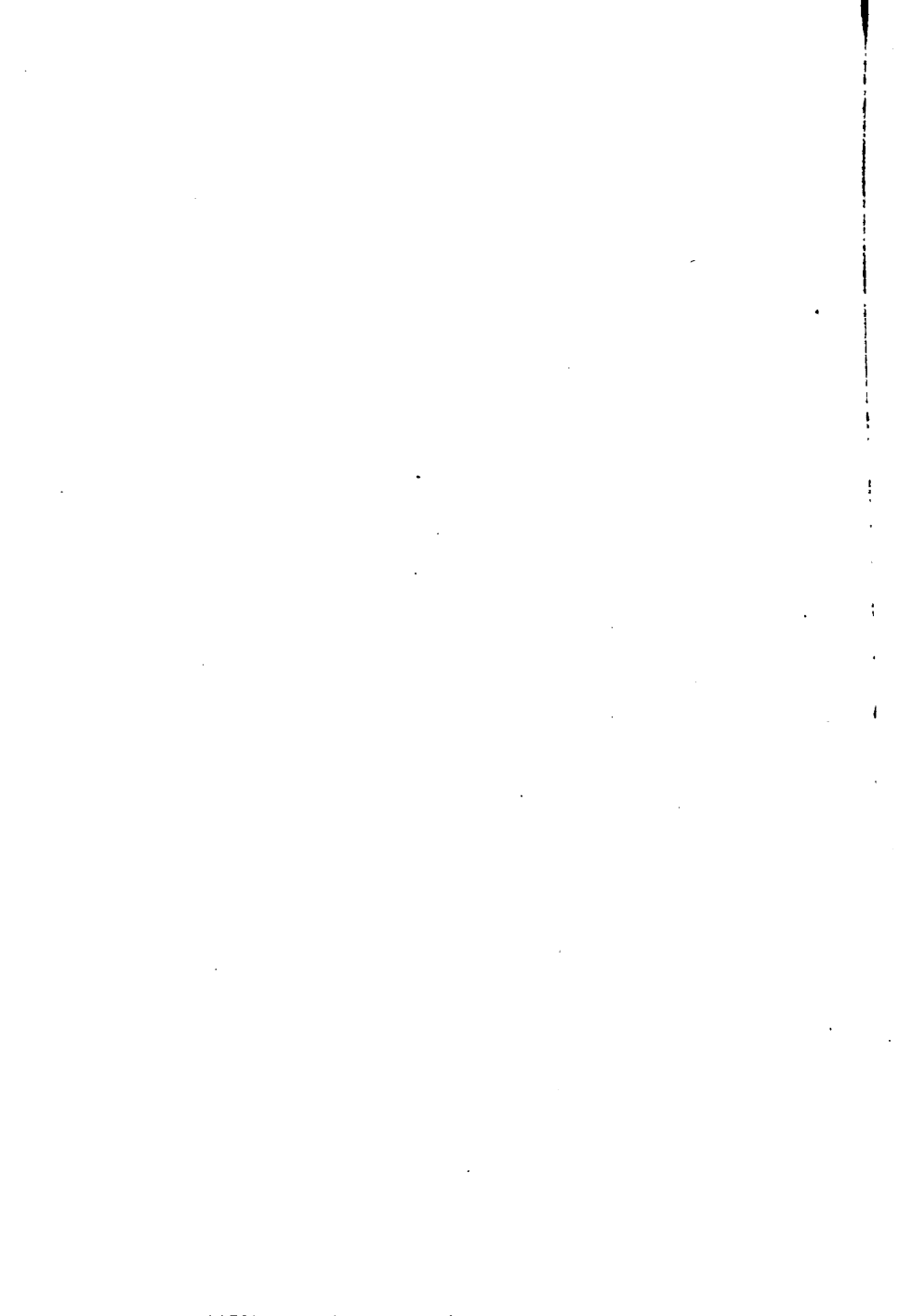
CURTAIN.

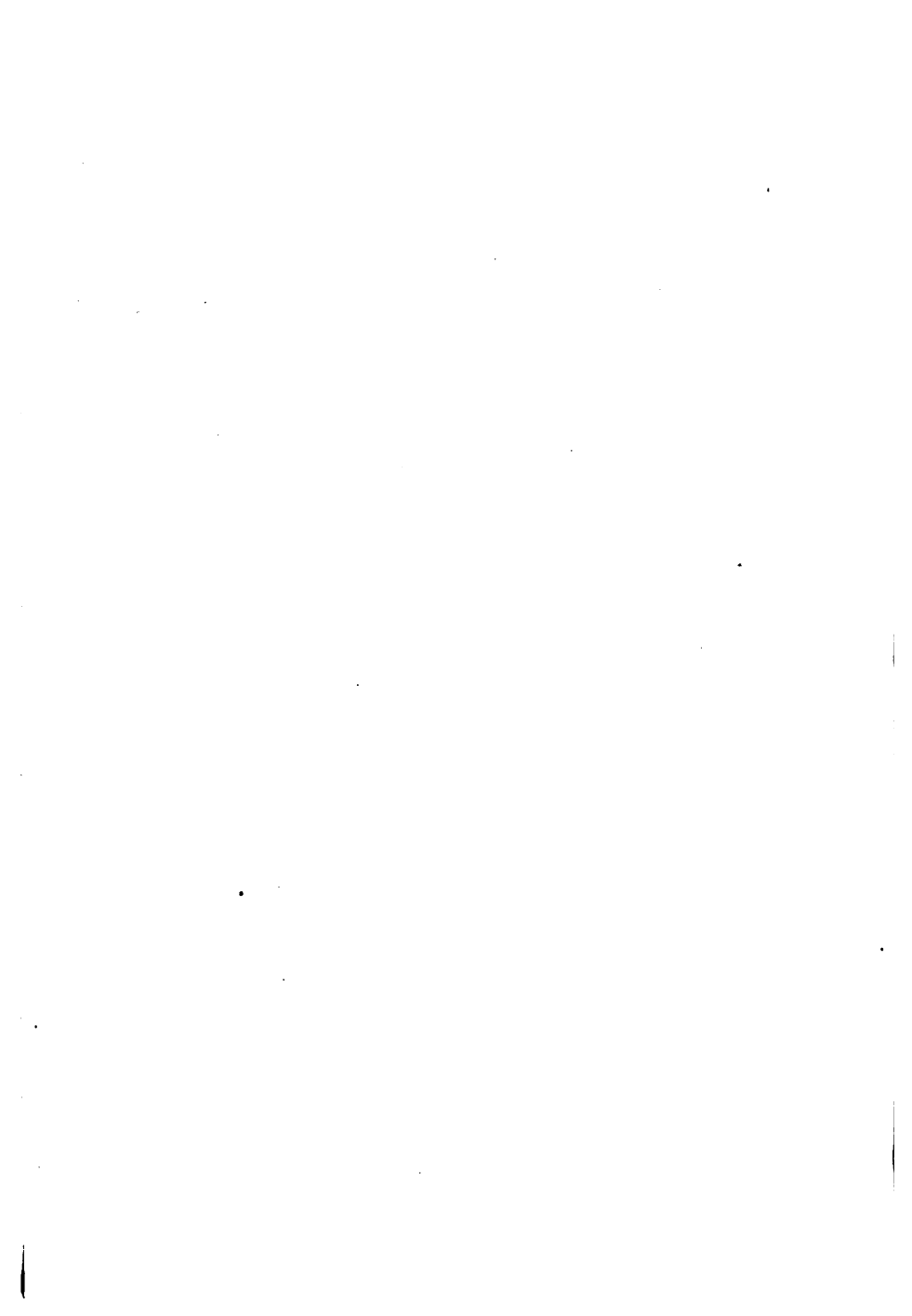
PSYCHE.—

I, Psyche, once again the portals close
Through which ye gazed into the changing soul.
Diversion, charm, beauty of thought and line
The poet gave: yet more rests in his scroll.
Faith in a good triumphant Shakespeare taught
Though in his scheme of life, Ill plays a part,
As Furnace to refine the alloyed gold
Which lies within the poorest human heart.
The Patriarch, Job, 'mid his affliction sore
Found keenest torment in his doubt unsolved—
“Why do the righteous suffer, O my Lord?”
Prometheus, bound, while aeons slow revolved
Defied a God who showed caprice toward man;
Faust the magician found his art was vain
To prove to man that life was worth the living,
And Hamlet struggled with this vampire yet again.
For him who understands, our poet breathes
A hope sublime; 'tis his alone to read
Who fights and wins Doubt's battle in his soul;
The Vision springs from his own anguished need.

CURTAIN.







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